Præ-exiſtence.

A

POEM.

(Price Six Pence.)

Pre-exilience.

BRITISH MUSEUM

POEM.

(Price Six Pence.)

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Præ-exiſtence.

Pre-existence A

POEM,

In imitation of

MILTON.

HAS ANIMAS, *ubi mille rotam volvere per Annos,*
Lethæum ad fluvium Deus evocat agmine magno,
Scilicet immemores ſupera ut convexa reviſant:
Igneus eſt illis vigor, & cæleſtis origo
Seminibus, quantum non noxia corpora tardant:
Hinc ſperant, cupiunt, odiunt, metuuntq; dolentq;
Corporis incluſæ muris, & carcere cæco;
In quo exercentur pœnis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendunt ---------
Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe
Concretam exemit Labem, purumque reliquit
Æthereum ſenſum, atque auraï ſimplicis Ignem.

LONDON:
Printed for JOHN CLARK, *at the* Bible *and* Crown
in the Old Change, *near* St. Paul's, 1714.

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Printed for John Clark, at the Bible and Crown in the Old Change, near St. Paul's, 1714.

The Publisher's PREFACE.

THE Structure of the following Poem being founded on an Opinion, neither well reliſhed nor underſtood by many of the preſent Age, *viz. That all human Souls had an Exiſtence antecedent to the* Moſaick *Creation*; it may be thought neceſſary to prefix ſome few Remarks, in order to explain the Work: And therefore I ſhall here preſent the Reader, firſt, with a

ſhort

ſhort Account of the ſeveral Hypotheſes touching the original of the Soul in general; and then take Notice of ſome particular Paſſages in the Poem it ſelf.

Firſt then, it is to be underſtood, that there are three different Opinions touching the original of human Souls, *viz.*

1. By *ſeminal Traduction*; by which is meant that the Soul of the Infant derives its Origin from the vivifying Principles of the Parents Seed, at the inſtant that the Body is generated.

2. By *Creation* and *Infuſion*; whereby is intended that God creates or forms the Soul conſequent to the generative Act, which

which he infuſes into the *Fœtus*, at the inſtant of its being quickened in the Womb.

Now theſe two Opinions have been generally entertain'd by later Ages; and both of them having their Patrons and Defenders at this Day, are diſputed in our Schools and elſewhere, with ſuch oppoſite and repugnant Reaſons and Arguments, that neither can be ſaid to be any eſtabliſh'd Hypotheſis.

But the third Opinion being that of the *Præ-exiſtence of Souls* is, that all human Souls were at firſt angelick Spirits, and being ſeduced by *Lucifer* to be favourers of his Rebellion, yet not acting out

of

of Malice or Envy againſt the moſt High (as the Devils and damned Spirits did) were condemned to inhabit Earth in Bodies of Fleſh, as a Puniſhment of their Guilt; according to the Subject Matter of the following Poem.

That the Souls of Men were at firſt created celeſtial Spirits, and upon forfeiture of their better State and Condition were, by way of Penance, decreed by the Almighty to inhabit terreſtrial Bodies; was the undoubted Opinion of ſome of the moſt ancient and learned Fathers of the Church; as *Origen*, *Auguſtin*, *Tertullian*, &c. and analogous thereto was the

Opinion

Opinion of the *Indian* Brachmans, the *Caldean* and *Persian* Magi, the *Egyptian* Gymnosophists, the *Jewish* Rabbins, the *Gretian* Sophi, and all the *Pythagoreans*.

Vid. Lux Orient.

But as the Publisher hereof declares, that this Doctrine of *Præ-existence* is no Article of his Faith, so he conceives himself not obliged to vindicate the Author's Opinion, or by any Arguments to enforce what he has asserted: And seeing there is no possibility of demonstrating a Point so sublimely Speculative as is that of the Soul's original; he leaves Mankind to the Dictates of their own Judgment, to believe

either or neither of the fore-mentioned Hypotheſes. And proceeds,

Secondly, To explain ſome Paſſages in the Poem it ſelf; which ſeems intended as an Account of what occurr'd intermediate the Battle between *Michael* and *Lucifer*, and the World's Creation; and in part to fill up that Space or Chaſm in *Milton*'s Paradiſe Loſt, *lib.* 1. which is there expreſt only in three Lines, viz.

Nine Times the ſpace that meaſures Day and Night
To mortal Men, he with his horrid Crew,
Lay vanquiſh'd, rowling in the fiery Gulph.

During

During which ſpace, we are to ſuppoſe the World was created; as it is very properly introduced by the Occurrences mentioned in the following Poem.

The Author begins it with the Archangels ſounding a Retreat from the purſuit of the Rebel Angels condemn'd to Hell; and the cloſing of Hell Gates. Then follows an Account of the ſeduced, but repentant Spirits, excluded Heaven, but not doomed to Hell; a deſcription of Heaven's Gates, the Throne of God, his Attendant Angels, his Decree or Sentence pronounced on the ſeveral Orders of Spirits where-

in the Obedient are applauded and rewarded; and the Damnation of the malicious and obſtinate Rebels confirmed.

And then comes that which is the chief ſcope of the Poem, *viz.* the Condition of thoſe Spirits who were Aſſociates in the Rebellion, not out of Malice, but ſeduc'd by Satan's Guile; who are here deſtin'd to inhabit Earth in human Bodies, with a Promiſe of being reſtor'd to God's Favour, if their *Virtues ſecond his Decree.*

Then is given a Hiſtory of the intended Creation, and the ſeveral Parts of the World, Man's Reſidence therein; that the Soul is to be diveſted of

all

all its former Ideas, and then inclosed in Flesh, is fettered with the Members of the Body, and distracted by several Passions arising from the *Senses*; that longer Penance, *i. e.* Life is to be born by the first Race of Men, than those that follow, *l.* 215.

And then you have a Description of the several Residences to be chosen by Spirits of different Tempers; as the Melancholy Spirit, *l.* 223. The sage or grave Spirit, 232. The busy active Spirit, 271. The penurious and ambitious Spirits, 277. The Martial and Heroick, 320. The Litigious, *&c.* 330.

And

And concludes, that Man ſhall have no reſt till Death, 342. which, tho' it appears terrible to Human Nature, 360. yet it enlarges the Soul by freeing it from the Priſon of the Body, 377. and renders it capable of its original Reſidence, Heaven.

'Tis farther to be obſerved what the Author has expreſt from *l.* 290 to *l.* 306. wherein he emphatically deſcribes the Tyranny of Princes, as moſt abhorrent to the Nature of God: How far a *Neighbouring Monarch* may be concern'd in this Character, I leave the World to judge; but, certainly, none but Diabolical Spirits can

can be the Advocates of *unbounded Power*, or endeavour to enslave Mankind to a Tyrant's Will. All Spirits were created free, as was Man himself; how then dare any resist the Council of Heaven; in fettring that which is unconfin'd, or enslaving what God has made a *Free Agent*?—But, I shall leave the censure of those pernicious Doctrines to that *Noble Mind* whose former Labours have been so eminently useful; not doubting but he will in future, give some wholesome Lashes to the mercenary *Pimps* of Arbitrary Power; and evidence himself an *honest Senator*, a *Guardian* of Liberty, and an *Englishman*.

There

The Preface.

There yet remains one thing which (as I think my ſelf bound in Juſtice ſo) I ſhall not ſcruple to acquaint the World with, in relation to the following *Piece*; which is, that it came into my Hands through the Means of an Ingenious Gentleman, who hath honoured me with his Friendſhip, but profeſſeth to be altogether ignorant of the Author; however, ſince he has conſented to the making it publick, 'tis hoped that a Perſon may be eaſily excuſed in ſo doing, who had no other *End* than *that* of ſecuring a *Performance* on an uncommon Subject from being buried in Oblivion. 18 Ma 64

J. B.

Præ-exiſtence.

A POEM, &c.

NOW had th' Archangel Trumpet, rais'd ſublime
Above the Walls of Heav'n, begun to ſound;
All Æther took the Blaſt, and Hell beneath
Shoke with Celeſtial Noiſe; th' Almighty Hoſt
Hot with purſuit, and reaking with the Blood
Of guilty Cherubs ſmear'd in ſulphurous Duſt,

Pauſe at the known Command of ſounding Gold;
And firſt they cloſe the wide Tartarian Gates,
Th' impenetrable Folds on brazen Hinge
Rowl creaking horrible; the Din beneath
O'ercomes the Roar of Flames, and deafens Hell;
Then through the ſolid Gloom with nimble Wing
They cut their ſhining Traces up to Light;
Return'd upon the Edge of heavenly Day,
Where thinneſt Beams play round the vaſt obſcure,
And with eternal Gleam drive back the Night,
They find the Troops leſs ſtubborn, leſs involv'd
In Crime and Ruine, barr'd the Realms of Peace,
Yet uncondemn'd to baleful Seats of Woe,
Doubtful and ſuppliant; all the Plumes of Light
Moult from their ſhuddering Wings, and ſickly fear
Shades every Face with Horrour; conſcious Guilt
Rowls in the livid Eye-ball, and each Breaſt
Shakes with the Dread of future Doom unknown.

'Twas

'Twas there the wide Circumference of Heaven
Opens in two vaſt Gates, that inward turn
Voluminous, on Jaſper Columns hung
By Geometry Divine, they ever glow
With living Sculptures, that ariſe by turns
T'imboſs the ſhining Leaves, by turns they ſet
To give ſucceeding Argument their place;
In holy Hierogliphicks on they move,
The Gaze of journying Angels, as they paſs
Oft looking back, and held in deep ſurprize;
Here ſtood the Troops diſtinct; the Cherub Guard
Unbarr'd the ſplendid Gates, and in they rowl
Harmonious, for a vocal Spirit ſits
Within each Hinge, and as they onward drive,
In juſt Diviſions break the num'rous Jarr
With Symphony melodious, ſuch as Spheres
Involv'd in ten-fold Wreaths are ſaid to ſound.

Out flows a blaze of Glory ; for on high
Tow'ring advanc'd the moving Throne of God,
Vaſt and Majeſtick ; on each radient ſide
The pointed Rays ſlope glittering, at the foot
Glides a full Tide of Day, that onward pours
In liquid Torrents through the black Abyſs,
Sparkling among reluctant Shades which thence
Retire confus'd; as when *Veſuvio* ſhakes
With inward Torments, and diſgorges Flames,
O'er the vaſt Mountain's Ridge the burning Waves
Drive their refulgent Curls, and on they rowl
Sweeping the glowing Plains down to the Sea;
Th' affrighted Sea leaps back with hideous Roar
To give the Fire its Courſe: Thus Chaos wild
Hiſſing recoils to let in Floods of Light.

Above the Throne, th' Ideas heavenly bright
Of paſt, of preſent, and of coming time
Fix'd their immov'd abode, and there preſent
An endleſs Landskip of created Things
To ſight Celeſtial, where Angelick Eyes
Are loſt in Proſpect; for the ſhiny Range
Boundleſs and various, in its Boſom bears
Millions of full proportion'd Worlds, beheld
With ſtedfaſt Eyes, till more ariſe to view,
And farther inward Scenes ſtart up unknown.

Myriads of Seraphs in long Series wait
About the Throne, and as it moves proceed
In numerous Order to Celeſtial Song:
Above; the Symphony of mellow Flutes,
And Harps by flying Angels gently touch'd,
Relieve the Trumpet's rage, and fully blend

The

The ſolemn ſounds in Harmony divine ;
Such as might tune new Worlds, and give the Laws
To Globes on high, and the juſt Figure guide
Of Planets forming all their airy Dance ;
Below ; the blazing Wheels drive bounding o'er
The ſtarry Pavement ; Stars and Hills of Light
Double their Glories where the Chariot rowls
With rattling ſound ; and th' *Empyræum* vaſt
Down to its ſtedfaſt Axis, groans throughout
Under the burning Tracts, till now it reſts
Upon the gaping Brink of Heaven ; and there
With open Pomp, fills the vaſt empty ſpace.

Silence enſues ; a deep and awful pauſe
More terrible, all Expectation held
In Horror ; now Wrath imminent amaz'd
With dreadful Precipice, to all it ſeems
More formidable near : Then from the Throne

A vocal

A vocal Thunder rowl'd the Sence of God,
Majeſtically long, repugnant all
To Princes Cuſtoms here; their Judgments flaſh
On Guilt, with Words concife, and ſudden blaze;
Quite otherwiſe, the God's enlarged Speech
Sets wide the fate of things; that all around
Might take full Proſpects of their coming Doom.

Servants of God! and Vertues great in Arms!
---W' approve your faithful Works, and you return
Bleſs'd from the dire purſuit of rebel Foes;
Reſolv'd, obdurate, they have try'd the force
Of this Right Hand, and known Almighty Pow'r;
Transfix'd with Lightning down they ſunk, they fell
Into the fiery Gulph, and deep they plunge
Below the burning Waves, to hide their Heads
In ſhelter from my Vengeance bellowing hence,
More fierce and ſcorching with more dreadful Fires,

There

There let 'em find their Doom, that durſt defy
Omnipotence, and ſlight his proffer'd Grace;
Rowling in Flames, and ne'er to feel a Dawn
Of heavenly Day; inſtead, the Mind imbibes
Eternal Gloom, and ſigh'd with conſtant Flames
Can find no Eaſe; while fierce their boiling Rage
Eats through th' impyral Mould, and glows within,
With endleſs Pain; not one repentant Thought
Shall cool the Breaſt, but proud in horrid Crime
The Soul anheals and hardens in the Fire.

But you! commiſſion'd by Commands Divine,
Have wiſely fill'd your Truſt, and clos'd 'em all
Within the fervid Lake, leſt any roam
Into the dark Abiſs to ſhun their Doom,
And in the Womb immenſe of Things unborn
Should ſeek annihilation; you muſt riſe

Among the ſhining Virtues, more ſublime;
On lofty Thrones preferr'd for lofty Deeds.

For you, ye guilty Throng! that lately joyn'd
In this Sedition, ſince ſeduc'd from Good,
And caught in Trains of Guile, by Spirits malign,
Superior in their Order; you accept
Trembling, my heavenly Clemency and Grace.
When the long *Æra* once has fill'd its Orb,
You ſhall emerge to Light, and humbly here,
Again ſhall bow before this favouring Throne,
If your own Virtue ſecond my Decree:
But all muſt have their *Manes* firſt below,
So ſtands th' eternal Fate, but ſmoother yours
Than what loſt Angels feel; nor can our Reign
Without juſt Dooms, the Peace of Heav'n ſecure;
For Forms Celeſtial new erect in Glory

Wou'd totter, dazl'd with the Heighths of Power,
Did not the Nerves of Juſtice fix their Sight.

See, where below in *Chaos* wond'rous deep,
A Speck of Light dawns forth, and thence throughout
The Shades, in many a Wreath my forming Power
There ſwiftly turns the burning Eddy round,
Abſorbing all crude Matter near its Brink;
Which next, with ſubtle Motions take the Form
I pleaſe to ſtamp, the Seed of Infant Worlds
All now in *Embrio*, but e'er long ſhall riſe
Variouſly ſcatter'd in this vaſt Expanſe,
Involv'd in winding Orbs until the Brims
Of outward Circles bruſh theſe heavenly Gates:
The middle Point a *Globe* of curling Fire
Shall hold, which round it ſheds its genial Heat;
Where e'er I kindle Life, the Motion grows

In all the endleſs Orbs, from this Machine;
And infinite Viciſſitudes ſhall rowl
About this reſtleſs Center; for I rear
In thoſe *Meanders* turn'd, a duſty Ball,
Deform'd all o'er with Woods, whoſe ſhaggy Tops
Encloſe eternal Miſts, and deadly Damps
Hover within their Boughs, to choak the Light;
Impervious Scenes of Horror, 'till reform'd
To Fields, and graſſy Dales, and flow'ry Meads,
By your continual Pains: The Torrid Zone
Here frys with conſtant Heat, the ſwarthy World;
Parching the Plains where hideous Monſters glare,
And duſty Mountains, tumbl'd by the Winds,
Stretch their uncertain Heaps; no leſs the Froſt
At either end ſhall rage, and high ſhall raiſe
Firm Promontories; vaſt the Ruins ſeem
Of deſart Nature, and th' eternal Piles
Load all the dreary Coaſt, and thick in Ice

Arm either Pole, that yearly peeps aſcance
On coming Light, but feels no gentle Ray
Unbind the frozen Chain: between theſe lie
The changeful Clymes, alternately they burn,
And chill again by turns; for both Extremes
Make their Incurſions here; and this my Will
Unchangeable, ordains your doleful Seat.

Beneath; miſhapen Chaos, and the Field
Of fighting Atoms, where hot, moiſt and dry,
Wage an eternal War with diſmal *Roar*;
The diſmal Roar breaks ſmoothly on the Ground,
Sacred to horror, and eternal Night:
Here Silence ſits, whoſe viſionary Shape
In Folds of wreathy mantling ſinks obſcure
And in dark *Fumes* reclines his drowſy head;
An Urn he holds, from whence a Lake proceeds,

Wide,

Wide, flowing gently, ſmooth, and *Lethe* nam'd:
Hither compell'd, each Soul muſt drink long Draughts
Of thoſe forgetful Streams, 'till *Forms* within,
And all the great Ideas fade and die:
For if vaſt Thoughts ſhou'd play about a *Mind*
Inclos'd in Fleſh, and dregging cumbrous Life,
Fluttering and beating in the mournful Cage,
It ſoon wou'd break its Grates and wing away:
'Tis therefore my Decree, the Soul return
Naked from off this Beach and perfect Blank,
To viſit the New World; and ſtrait to feel
Itſelf, in crude conſiſtence cloſely ſhut,
The dreadful Monument of juſt Revenge;
Immur'd by Heaven's own Hand, and plac'd erect
On fleeting Matter, all impriſon'd round
With Walls of Clay; th' *Æthereal Mould* ſhall bear
The Chain of Members, deafen'd with an Ear,
Blinded by Eyes, and manacl'd in Hands.

Here

Here Anger, vaſt Ambition, and Diſdain,
And all the haughty Movements riſe and fall,
As Storms of neighbouring Atoms tear the Soul;
And Hope, and Love, and all the calmer turns
Of eaſy Hours, in their gay gilded Shapes,
With ſudden run, skin o'er deluded Minds,
As matter leads the Dance; but one Deſire
Unſatisfied, ſhall marr ten thouſand Joys.

The Rank of *Beings* that ſhall firſt advance,
Drink deep of Human Life, and long ſhall ſtay
On this great Scene of Cares; from all the reſt,
That longer for the deſtin'd Body wait,
Leſs Penance I expect; and ſhort abode
In thoſe pale dreary Kingdoms will content:
Each has his lamentable Lot, and all
On different Racks, abide the Pains of Life.

The

The *penſive Spirit* takes the lonely Grove,
Nightly he viſits all the Sylvan Scenes,
Where far remote, a melancholly Moon
Raiſing her Head, ſerene and ſhorn of Beams,
Throws here and there her Glimmerings through the Trees,
To make more awful Darkneſs; ſtarry Lights
Hung up on high, ſhed round 'em as they burn
A Pale ſad influence, and they gild the Plains
With doubtful Rays, which ſtrike within the Shades
A trembling Luſtre and uncertain Light.

The *Sage* ſhall haunt this ſolitary Ground,
And view the diſmal Landskip, limn'd within
In horrid Shades mix'd with imperfect Light;
Here *Judgment*, blinded by deluſive Sence
Contracted through the Cranny of an Eye,

Shoots

Shoots up faint languid Beams, to that dark Seat
Wherein the Soul, bereav'd of native Fire,
Sits intricate in misty Clouds obscur'd,
Ev'n from itself conceal'd, and there presides
O'er jarring Images with Reason's sway,
Which by his ordering more confounds their Form;
And by decisions more imbroyls the Fray:
The more he strives t'appease, the more he feels
The strugling Surges of the darksome *Void*
Impetuous, and the thick revolving Thoughts
Encountring Thoughts, Image on Image turn'd,
A Chaos of wild Science, where sometimes
The clashing Notions strike out casual Light;
Which soon must perish and be lost again
In the thick Darkness round it: Now, he trys
With all his Might to raise some weighty Thought,
Of Me, of Fate, or of th' eternal *Round*,
Which but recoils to crush the labouring Mind.

High

High are his Reaſonings, but the feeble Clue
Of fleeting Images he draws in vain
To wondrous length; (for ſtill the turning Maze
Eludes his Art,) its end flies far away,
And leaves him tracing round the toilſome Path,
Returning oft on the ſame beaten Thought.
For much of Good he talks, and Life ſerene,
Of Happineſs deny'd, the diſmal waſte
Of Wiſdom's Privilege, and th' obdurate Breaſt,
Stubborn in Anguiſh; idle Wiſdom, all
Weak Sorcery to charm a real Pain;
Diſtaſting Crowds and Buſineſs, thus he ſeeks
Diverſion in himſelf, but with deep Thoughts
He kindles doubt; and while he ſtrives to blow
The Aſhes off, revives the brand of Care.

Hence far remov'd, a different noiſie Race
In Cities full and frequent take their Seat,

Where Honour's cruſh'd, and Gratitude oppreſs'd,
With ſwelling hopes of Gain, that raiſe within
A Tempeſt, and drove onward by Succeſs,
Can find no Bounds; for Creatures of a Day
Stretch their wide Cares to Ages; full increaſe
Starves the penurious Soul, while empty ſound
Fills th' Ambitious; *that* ſhall ever ſhrink,
Pining with endleſs Cares, whilſt *this* ſhall ſwell
To Tympany enormous. Bright in Arms
Here ſhines the Hero, out he fiercely leads
A martial Throng, his Inſtruments of Rage,
To fill the World with Death, and *thin* Mankind.
Ambition drives, and round the World he roams,
Marking his Way with Blood; the dreadful noiſe
Begets a *Fame*; and all the Breath he leaves
Is ſpent in his falſe Praiſe, and vainly bloats
The Tyrant's Soul; while high his Kingdoms riſe
In fleeting Pomp, hovering their gawdy Wings

Around

Around the ſervile Globe, that tamely bends
Beneath his haughty Reign; and all his Slaves
Under his Yoke ſhall groan, and ſcarce ſhall groan
Without a Crime: Here torturing Engines roar
With human voice diſguiſs'd; Earth, Water, Fire,
Are made (dire Elements of Cruelty!)
Subſervient to his Luſt, and Power to kill;
Yet ſhall the Herd endure, and dare not break
United their imaginary Chain;
While their great Monarch chills with equal Fears,
No leſs a Slave than they; each Rumour ſhakes
The haughty Purple; dark and cloudy Cares
Involve the awful Throne, that ſtands erect,
Balanç'd on the wild People's temper'd Rage,
And fortify'd with dangerous Arts of Power:
But Death ſhall ſhift thoſe Scenes of Miſery;
Then doubtful Titles kindle up new Wars,
And urge on ling'ring Fate; the Enſigns blaze

About the Camp, and Drums and Trumpets ſound,
Prepare a ſolemn Way to grizly War:
Javelins and bearded Spears in ghaſtly Ranks
Erect their ſhining Heads, and round the Field
A Harveſt's ſeen of formidable Death;
Then joins the horrid Shock, whoſe bellowing Burſt
Torments the ſhatter'd Air, and drowns the Groans
Of Men below that rowl in certain Death:
Theſe are the mortal Sports, and tragick Plays,
By Man himſelf embroil'd; the dire Debate
Makes the waſte Deſart ſeem ſerene and mild,
Where ſavage Nature in one Common lies,
By homely Cots poſſeſs'd; all ſqualid wild,
And deſpicably poor, they range the Field,
And feel their ſhare of Hunger, Care and Pain,
Cheated by flying Prey; and now they tear
Their panting Fleſh; and now with Nails unclean
They tug their ſhaggy Beards; and deeply quaff

Of

Of humane Woe, even when they rudely ſip
The flowing Stream, or chew the ſavory Pulp
Of Nature's freſheſt Viands; fragrant Fruits
Enjoy'd with trembling, and in danger ſought.

But where th' appointed limits of a Law,
Fences the general ſafety of the World,
No greater quiet Reigns; for wanton Man,
In giddy frolick, eaſily leaps o'er
His own invented Bounds; hence Rapine, Fraud,
Revenge and Luſt, and all the hideous Train
Of nameleſs Ills, diſtort the meagre Mind
To endleſs Shapes of Woe. Here Miſers mourn
Departed Gold, and there defrauded Heirs
Dire Perjuries complain; the blended Loads
Of Puniſhment and Crime, deform the World,
And give no reſt to Man; with Pangs and Throws

He

He enters on the Stage; prophetick Tears
And Infant Cries prelude his future Woes;
And all is one continu'd Scene of Grief,
Till the ſad ſable Curtain falls in Death.

But that laſt Act ſhall in one Moment cloſe
Of doubt and darkneſs; Pain ſhall crack the Strings
Of Life decay'd; no leſs the Soul convuls'd
Trembles in anxious Cares, and ſhuddering ſtands,
Afraid to leap into the opening Gulph
Of future Fate, till all the Banks of Clay
Fall from beneath his Feet; in vain he graſps
The ſhatter'd Reeds that cheat his eaſie Wiſh:
Reaſon is now no more; that narrow Lamp
(Which with its ſickly Fires wou'd ſhoot its Beams
To Diſtances unknown, and ſtretch its Rays
Aſcance my Paths, in deepeſt darkneſs veil'd)

Is

Is ſunk into its Socket; inly there
It burns a diſmal Light; th' expiring Flame
Is choak'd in Fumes, and parts in various Doubt.

Then the gay Glories of the living World
Shall caſt their empty Varniſh, and retire
Out of his feeble view; and riſing ſhade
Sits hovering o'er all Nature's various Face:
Muſick ſhall ceaſe, and Inſtruments of Joy
Shall fail that ſullen Hour; nor can the Mind
Attend their Sounds, when Fancies ſwim in Death
Confus'd and cruſh'd, with Cares; for long ſhall ſeem
The dreary Road, and melancholy dark
That leads he knows not where; here empty ſpace
Gapes horrible, and threatens to abſorp
All Being; yonder ſooty Demons glare,
And dolorous Spectres grin; the ſhapeleſs Rout
Of wild Imagination, dance and play

Before

Before his Eyes obſcure; till all in Death
Shall vaniſh, and the Priſoner now enlarg'd,
Regains the flaming Borders of the Sky.

He ended. Peals of Thunder rend the Heavens,
And Chaos, from the bottom turn'd, reſounds
The mighty Clangor: All the heavenly Hoſt
Approve the high Decree, and loud they ſing
Eternal Juſtice; while the guilty Troops,
Sad with their Doom, but fad without Deſpair,
Fall fluttering down to *Lethe*'s Lake, and there
For *Penance*, and the deſtin'd *Body* wait.

FINIS.

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